

only try to compare their surroundings with ours of the present; try to see the log cabin with the cracks stopped with moss and mud, and the few rough articles of furniture, and the cold they must have endured with the dark forest surrounding them, with no neighbors near and only a path from one cabin to another, with the woods filled nightly with the dismal howling of the wolves. Picture for yourself if you can, the silence of the daily life, and think of the work of their hands, and then think of what you now have, and then raise your hands to the God of Creation and pour out a heartfelt prayer of thanks, that these women lived and have shown the present generation what can be done by women who have lived and worked to make this county. God do so to me and more also if I fail to show reverence to the noble women of our land.

"We build grand monuments to men who have done great things and it is well, but often when I see monuments of this sort there seems to come a mist before my eyes and I see in that mist the clear cut lines of a grand and towering monument, towering to the sky and covered with jewels and burnished gold, and I ask "what is this that so far transcends the monuments of man?" and then there comes the thought that while man has forgotten the love, labor, sorrows and prayers of the noble women of the past, the angels of Heaven have come down and gathered together the love, labor, sorrows and prayers and built a monument to the forgotten heroines of the past. These were the Mothers of the land, and is there a man so bereft of love to his mother as not to hope that when he reaches the land of life and love the first to grasp his hand will be his Mother?

"The women of the older class as I remember them were Mrs. Francis Griswold, Mrs. Horace Griswold, Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. North, Mrs. Alva Norton, Mrs. Reuben Peck and my grandmother, Mrs. Sheldon Norton, afterwards Mrs. Rufus Grennell.

"It always seemed to me, even when I was a small boy, that here was the story of a life of love for others written on their faces, and it was years afterward before I understood what that blended look was.

"I was in the ancient city of Quebec, and in an art gallery was a painting by one of the masters. It was a simply picture of a woman's face. The first look and you saw a face with the lines made by sorrow and care, but as you looked, there came over the face a radiant beauty which, while it did not cover up the lines of sorrow and care, made them the illuminating point of the wonderful beauty of the face. So to my boyish fancy these old and care worn women were beautiful for their lives were beautiful. God grant that we who still linger here on earth may so live that the beauty of a useful life may be our heritage in the land of light.

"As we talk of the past we stop and think they are all gone, gone, gone where? They are not dead, they are only sleeping; their work is still going on and will forever and ever as no noble deed ever dies. The spirit of their lives is here and is what is keeping our lives true to duty.

"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through the cypress trees,

But hopeless lays his dead away
And never hopes to see the sun
Across the mournful marble play,
Who has not learned in hours of faith
The truth to sense unknown
That life is ever lord of death,
And that love can never lose its own."

"Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen."

Rev. James Rainey of Tunkhannock,